

PRESIDENT RIDES IN FIERCE STORM

Mrs. Roosevelt and Miss Ethel Are Also Caught.

PARTY DRENCHED TWICE

Push On to Mount Vernon in Spite of the Rain.

Horseback Trip Starts at Alexandria and Terrible Thunderstorm Over-takes Equestrians When They Are Far from Shelter—Lightning, Wind, and Water Fall to Stop Them. Soaked by Second Storm.

President Roosevelt made a pilgrimage to Mount Vernon, the home and tomb of George Washington, yesterday.

It was not an ordinary sort of pilgrimage. Part of it was made by trolley car, and the rest on horseback, and the journey was attended by circumstances of weather that made it particularly interesting.

A couple of severe thunderstorms caught the President and those who went with him, but Mr. Roosevelt did not mind such trifles.

The President's companions on his Mount Vernon pilgrimage were Mrs. Roosevelt, their daughter, Miss Ethel, Postmaster General George von L. Meyer, and Capt. Fitzhugh Lee, of the Seventh Cavalry, one of the White House aids. The trip had been contemplated for some time, and it was arranged last week that they should take the jaunt yesterday.

In preparation for the riding part of the outing, four horses from the White House stables were sent to Alexandria, Va., and it was there that the really interesting portion of the day's doings began.

Start in Carriage.

Leaving the White House in a carriage at 11 o'clock in the morning, the President, Mrs. Roosevelt, Miss Ethel, Mr. Meyer, and Capt. Lee, all in riding costume, went to the Washington terminus of the Alexandria trolley line, opposite the Post-office Department. Here the private car "Mount Vernon," which had been specially engaged, was waiting, and as soon as the party was on board the car started. It took forty minutes to make the trip to Alexandria, seven miles distant from Washington, and just half way to the estate of the Father of his Country.

The car stopped in the extreme southeastern section of the historic old town, where there were few people to observe the distinguished visitors. Here the horses were waiting, and without delay the President and his companions mounted and started toward Mount Vernon.

The President rode Roswell, his favorite hunter, a big, rangy fellow, capable of making good time and able to do hard work. Mrs. Roosevelt was up on Audrey, a beautiful mare.

Their course was southward, following generally the line of the Potomac River. The roads were somewhat muddy, but not in very bad shape. Ominous clouds were overhead, however. They had been gathering for an hour or more, in fact were massed and banked in threatening array when the Presidential party left Washington. But the clouds that forbade a downpour with thunder and lightning did not deter the pilgrims, who had made up their minds to get to Mount Vernon without regard to discouraging conditions.

On Historic Road.

The route to the home of the first President was ever a road which Washington had often traveled in his trips to and from Alexandria. It led through the Public neighborhood, where Parson Weems preached before he set out through the country peddling his "Life of Washington," in which he told many anecdotes of the great general, including that interesting incident of the hatchet and the cherry tree.

Hardly a mile of the way was without some landmark associated with the man who lived at Mount Vernon.

The clouds grew blacker and blacker. They were hanging clouds that shut out the sun and brought about the darkness of late twilight. In Washington and Alexandria it was necessary to turn on gas and electricity to obtain light enough to see plainly. Thunder rumbled in the distance, and with occasional flashes of lightning as the President and his companions entered along, Mount Vernon was far away when the rain began.

At first it was a gentle sprinkle. Then the wind came and as the low clouds raced by they turned loose their moisture on the head of the nation and those with him. There was no protection from the downpour.

No Shelter Anywhere.

No house was in sight, and the country had been denuded of its forests. Racing their horses, the members of the little party went along as bravely as they could. Lightning flashed all around them, and the thunder claps seemed continuous. It was one of the severest storms ever known in this vicinity.

Through all this terrible weather horses and people pushed their way. It was an experience long to be remembered. Occasional groves of trees promised shelter, but the danger from lightning was imminent, and the travelers were soaked to the skin and could have found no comfort under spreading branches. Half fell part of the time. The road was a ratchet and the sticky red mud of that portion of Virginia made it hard work for the horses.

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Flowers for Decoration Day.

J. H. Small & Sons, Washington & New York

A in Carte Lunch Served Daily

At Eckstein's from 12 to 2, 1412 N. Y. ave.

Prices on all kinds of Lumber are Lower.

WEATHER FORECAST.

For the District of Columbia and Maryland—Fair, cooler to-day. To-morrow fair, warmer; fresh northwesterly winds, becoming variable.

HERALD NEWS SUMMARY.

PAGES.

- 1—Guggenheim Gets Boeck's Antiques.
- 1—Pilot Suspected in Priest's Murder.
- 1—Snow in Michigan Blocks Traffic.
- 1—Japanese Fight in San Francisco.
- 2—American Officer Awaits Cubans.
- 2—Canton Ready for McKinley Funeral.
- 2—Mrs. Gould Complains to Post-office Department.
- 2—New York Dock Strike Ends.
- 2—Merchants Flee from Guatemala.
- 2—Boise Trial Adjourns Till Friday.
- 2—Judge Loving Trial Postponed.
- 2—Demented Girl Suicides in Baltimore.

LOCAL.

- 1—President's Party Rides in Storm.
- 2—Immigrant Service Shaken Up.
- 2—Five Win Ph. D. Degrees.
- 2—Washington College Graduation.
- 2—Soldier Cleared by Supreme Court.
- 11—Bill Hits Bucket Shops.
- 12—Pitt Seeking Naturalization.
- 12—Record Storm Sweeps City.

SECRETARY TAFT INDISPOSED.

Confined to His Home by a Severe Cold.

Secretary of War Taft was confined to his home yesterday suffering from a cold. Owing to his engagement to deliver an address before the millers' convention in St. Louis on Decoration Day, he will not be able to accompany the President to Canton to attend the funeral of Mrs. McKinley. He will leave Washington to-night for St. Louis.

LOSES \$76,000 AT CARDS.

Rich Ohlson Causes Arrest of Well-known Pittsburgh Gambler.

Pittsburgh, May 27.—A. T. Nye, a rich man of Marietta, Ohio, to-day entered suits at Pittsburgh against John R. Curry, of Marietta, Ohio; F. B. Ranger, of Pittsburgh, and Frank T. Thompson, a well-known gambler, of Pittsburgh and New York, charging them with conspiracy to beat him out of a large amount of money at cards.

It is alleged that in one crooked poker game here some time ago, Nye and D. C. Davies, a wealthy oil man of Marietta, were beaten out of \$36,000.

JAPANESE SEEK VENGEANCE

Make Murderous Assault on Whites in San Francisco.

Subjects of Mikado Attack Men Who They Believed Were Concerned in Sacking Restaurants.

San Francisco, May 27.—Three Japanese were arrested early this morning for murderous assault on Horace Hazell, a dentist, and Randolph Merrivether, an electrician.

The two white men were on their way home when, passing the corner of Geary and Buchanan streets, they claim a crowd of Japanese passed them. One of the Japs shouted:

"Where are you going?" and without waiting for an answer they drew knives and attacked the men, hacking them so severely that it is feared they will die.

The police believe that the Japanese attacked the two men because they believed that Merrivether was concerned in the sacking of a Japanese restaurant last week. In this attack Merrivether's cousin was involved.

COLLINS VANQUISHES PAIR.

Turns Attention from Autoists to Disturbers of Peace.

Marshall Collins, the man that made Glen Echo famous, had the opportunity last night of putting in action his trusty little blackjack, as well as his diplomat shooter, with two burly young negroes as subjects. The valiant little constable put both of the men hors de combat, manacled them together, and marched them before Mayor Garrett to answer to the charge of breaking into the Glen Echo amphitheater and stealing certain theatrical properties.

The negroes, Elijah Frey and Lanie Neal, were seen, Collins says, to enter a window of the theater building by the marshal, who pursued them through the darkness and came upon them at the crossing of the Conduit and Seven Locks roads. Collins tried to place the men under arrest, but they resisted, Frey jolting the marshal under the jaw with a sharp left hook. The marshal retaliated with a none too gentle rap on Frey's head with the black-jack. The negro fell stunned.

Neal threw rocks at Collins, and then started to run. Collins drew his revolver and fired three times at the retreating figure. Neal threw himself on the ground and begged for mercy. Collins handcuffed the men together, forced Frey to rise, and marched them to the pistol's point to the mayor's house. The negroes were committed to the county jail to await a hearing.

MISSING BOY FOUND DEAD.

Mystery of Fate of Little Francis Malloy Is Solved.

Wilmington, Del., May 27.—The mystery of the fate of little Francis Malloy, of this city, whose case was second in interest only to that of the Marvin boy, was solved this afternoon when his dead body was found floating in the Brandywine River.

The place where the body was found is only a short distance from a trolley road bridge on which he was standing when last seen alive, and it is supposed that the little fellow fell into the river and was drowned.

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TEST OF ELIGIBILITY.



News Item—The President deems it essential that army officers should learn to ride.

A HORSE ON HENSEN

Drayman Moore Fails as an Animal Trader.

MARIA HELPS UNFOLD TALE

Sad Blow to Fond Hopes Follows Discovery That the Successor to the Late Lamented Whitey Is Not Strong Enough to Follow the Van Cleaving Business—Falls on Boy.

The desk sergeant at Central dozed tranquilly last evening over the editorial page of the New York Herald. The big clock ticked its way past the hour of nine, the only sound save the heavy breathing of the man at the desk and a low rumbling wheeze from the inner room where the reserve squad was trying to while away the weary hours of their trick of duty and incidentally get their much-needed beauty sleep.

The swinging door leading from the hallway opened slowly and a round, woolly, gray head poked through the aperture.

"Is de boss in dese whaherabouts?" asked the visitor.

The desk sergeant's head snapped backward and he blinked wearily at his inquirer.

"I guess you want to see me," he said. "Come in."

The door was pushed open wide enough to allow the passage of the wizened, shabby, little figure that accompanied the desk sergeant, still holding the door open as though for the entrance of a second person.

"Mo ob us is comin'," he explained to the police dignitary. A ponderous step was heard in the corridor and there entered the portly figure of a dignified colored lady most bountifully endowed with embonpoint.

"Quite a crowd," suggested the desk sergeant by way of reprieve. "Now that you are all here leave us hearken to your tale of woe."

The little colored man took part of a chair and his accompanying multitude took the remaining three.

"Ter begin wit," began the complainant, clearing his throat. "Ah occupies de perfection ob yard cleaner. De is times w'en Ah makes er 'stantial profit an' dey is mo' times w'en Ah has ter place mah reliability erpuns Mah Magnolia Moore, de lady on mah left, mah wife befo de Lord and mah brethern. She washes every day, wile Ah'm drivin' mah wagon 'bout de town cleanin' de white people's yards."

"Somewheres 'long 'bout eight year ago Ah tote mah-est er I'll white horse an' 'spress wagon an' 'gotates foh de yard work ermong de bes' white people ob de city. Dat horse done his bes' foh me, an' Ah done gib him de bes' kin ob care. He were gib de grave w'en Ah tote him, but he las' me 'till sumpin like er month ergo. He were all right in de ebenin', but de nex' mornin' dey wuz nothin' in de stable but er poh ole I'll daind white horse."

"He 'jus' wuk' hisself out," explained Maria, amiably.

"Too bad," sympathized the desk sergeant.

"Last of Poor Whitey."

"Yasser," continued Mr. Moore. "It sho' wuz er hard foh ter de yard-cleanin' business. W'en Ah foun' poh ole Whitey er layin' daind in his stall, wif his laigs stretch out an' stiff, an' his eyes all milky like, Ah jes' set mahself down to him an' cried. Den Ah sole him ter de daind horse people fer mah I'll ole dollar an' went lookin' foh er another horse."

"Now we are coming to the answer to the question I meant to ask you. What are you around here for?" said the desk sergeant.

"Yasser, Ah begins ter look 'round' fer er horse dat could take Whitey's place. He were er wise horse an' 'know de mos' er bout de yard cleanin' business ob any horse Ah ever seen. Ah went mos' eb'ry place lookin' fer er predecessor, but dey wuz always sumpin de matter wif de animals dat Ah investigated."

"Come de day w'en Ah tote Ah hed de mister Wilson's horse erpoun'um. Ah wuz lookin' 'round' de stalls w'en Ah comes erpoun' er animal dat 'jus' done take mah mind. He were er I'll bony bay, wif on'y one eye an' de heaves. Come ter look him ober an' Ah foun' de symptoms ob mos' all de ailments wif which he am possible terbestow er horse. But de look in his eye remin' me so strong ob Whitey, an' he

Likes That Smile.

"Mister Wilson say de horse ain't no ways so poh-ay he look an' de horse seem ter say de same w'en he smile down at me wif dat one shiny eye. So Ah gibe fohty dollars an' leads de animal home. He start out ob Mister Wilson's place wif er skipkin an' jumpin' dat made me say ter mahself, 'Hensen'-da's mah fust name—'Hensen,' dat horse need nuffin but feed an' exercise ter be fit foh ter enter de free minute trottin' class. An' right den Ah made up mah mind dat ef Ah couldn't always gib him de feed, he would sho get de needful exercise."

"By de time Ah lead dat horse ter mah barn, he done show signs ob givin' out in de feets. Pears like he jes' hate ter touch de groun wif free ob his feets, an' so he tried ter hop erlong on jes' one. Ah takes him in de barn an' all dat ebenin' Ah tends his feets an' laigs."

"De nex' mornin' Ah arises early an' goes out ter de barn an' hitches de horse ter mah wagon. Mah I'll buy an' mah wuz 'bout out yart cleanin'." We got in de wagon an' Ah sez 'Giddyup' ter de horse, but he jes' stan' an' look solemn. Ah hits him gentle wheeze de haid wif mah whup an' he turn his haid erpoun' an' looks at me kin' surprised like. Mah boy got down an' tuk de horse by de haid an' tried foh ter make him start by leadin'."

Falls on the Boy.

"De horse don't move," Ah'm, Ah tells mah boy. He reach up an' pull on de bridle ez hard ez he kin an' dat horse jes' lean fohward an' fall on top ob mah son. Mah boy git up widout kein' much hurt, but de horse jes' lay dere. Ah done mos' chery'ling ter make him rise up an' go ter wuk, but twer no use."

"Wint you think Ah hed ter do? Ah got er ash gummin' frien' ob mine ter hitch his horse ter mah wagon and pull dat horse ob mine ter his feets, and lead him back ter Mister Wilson's. Ah tote Mister Wilson dat de horse war' no 'count what soeber an' he argifies wid me. Den he gibe me ten ob mah dollars an' er promise mah foh de res'." It hez been er month an' de note ain't been paid. What's mah, he ain't goin' ter pay 'till he's make mah an' yere Ah is wid no money an' no horse an' no yard cleanin' business, an' Maria, yere, wuz in de way."

"An' dat's de Lord's tru't," said Maria by way of conclusion.

The desk sergeant brought a meed of comfort to poor old Hensen by promising to have the matter investigated and to force Mr. Wilson to pay back the remaining \$30, or to furnish Hensen a horse that is able to stand up for itself.

A Few Words in Passing.

You who are reading these few lines may be a chance reader, not a regular subscriber, of The Washington Herald. Is it so? Apart from its big newspaper circulation, this newspaper gets into new hands every day. All publications do. If you have bought the paper coming down town, if you are one of these chance readers of The Washington Herald, look it over carefully, see the news and other good features so attractively presented, and then ask yourself if it would not be a good thing to have it come to your home bright and early every morning. It is the sort of newspaper you would like at your breakfast table. It is clean and wholesome. Your wife would like it. It has thousands upon thousands of woman readers—thousands more than ever before read a morning newspaper here. They prize it highly, approve it heartily, and would not do without it. Once a reader—a home reader—of The Washington Herald means a regular reader. The habit quickly becomes fixed. And it is as good a habit as you can form. Try it and see.

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and Ohio on sale daily to Jersey seashore resorts, Adirondack Mountains, Northern New York, New England, Canadian provinces, Nova Scotia, Allegheny Mountain resorts, also to many Western points. If you are contemplating a rail or water tour for pleasure or recreation, consult agents at 1417 G st., 619 P. ave., or station N. J. ave. and C. & P. st. for rates, routes, &c. They will be helpful to you.

\$2.00 to Atlantic City and Return, Via Pennsylvania Railroad, according meeting American Medical Association. Tickets valid May 31 to June 4, good returning June 4 to 10, at above rate from Washington.

Libbey & Co., 6th St. and N. Y. Ave.

POLITICS IN MURDER

Father Caspar Believed to Have Been Slain as Spy.

MEMBER OF AMERICAN JUNTA

Priest Said to Have Been Unpopular with Certain Class of Countrymen in New York—Active as Revolutionary—Known in Chicago—Arrest Made in West—Frank Identified.

New York, May 27.—Diligent effort on the part of a corps of detectives from headquarters and the West Thirty-seventh street station, did not make much headway to-day against the solution of the problem of how the body of the Greek priest, Father Caspar Haran, or Vartanian, came to be found doubled up in a trunk in a vacant room, at 333 West Thirty-seventh street, Sunday. Three men, and possibly four, whom the detectives believe to be implicated in the murder of the Hellenic priest from West Hoboken, have not yet been found.

To-day's developments brought forth two facts which may uncover the motive of the murder and clear away to some extent the doubt concerning how, and when, the priest met his death. Most important of these discoveries is the fact that Father Caspar was a politician as well as a cleric, and that he had close alliance with one of the Armenian secret revolutionary societies in this city.

It was learned to-day that very recently there had been a split in the ranks of the revolutionary workers of the local Armenian colony, and that much bad blood had been engendered between the two factions.

Vahram Serposian, an Armenian who conducts a restaurant at 137 East Twenty-sixth street, and a number of Armenian gathered there, explained to a reporter to-day just what relations of the Henckes, or Henchagian, Society may be found to bear with the murder of Father Caspar when the hidden facts in the case are brought to light.

Serposian is thoroughly conversant with Armenian affairs, and also knew the murdered priest well.

Revolutionary Societies.

Throughout all Europe and in America, wherever there is a sufficiently large colony of loyal Armenians, branches of the Henckes have been established. The order is purely a revolutionary one, and the avowed object is to free Armenia and neighboring Christian countries from the rule of the Turks. The New York branch of the society had been established some time ago, said the Armenian restaurant keeper, and had worked for many years in harmony until two months ago, when there was a serious schism.

"There have been spies in our own number," said Serposian to-day. "The accusation of spy has been made often against men who have been members of our society."

"If this Father Caspar was a spy, we are glad that he was killed as he was," said the restaurant keeper, and the others shook their heads in approval.

The restaurant keeper and his companions said that Father Caspar had been a member of the Henckes and had a bad reputation.

The editor of a Slavic paper in this city said that a week ago last Sunday the new branch of the Henckes held a meeting in Lyric Hall, which was addressed by a Gen. Spiridonovitch, of the Russian revolutionary party, in a fiery appeal to instant revolution. Resolutions were passed calling upon the head Paris junta of the society to prepare an uprising simultaneously in Macedonia, Armenia, Arabia, and Albania.

Editor Knew Priest.

"I knew this Father Caspar," said the editor, "and it is my belief that he very likely was killed because of his connection with one of the cliques in this patriotic society. He was known to be a great politician, as most of the Armenian priests are."

The second fact brought out in to-day's investigation which forces the detectives to reverse their theories of the time and place where Father Caspar was murdered, is that he was seen alive at 12 o'clock noon on Wednesday, and in the restaurant of the man Vahram Serposian.

The police have learned more about Sarkis Ertajian, the third man believed to

Continued on Page 3, Column 4.

Oriental Ruga To-day at Slocum's.

In our salesrooms, 1417 G st., to-day at 11 a. m. and 3 p. m. we will sell at unrestricted public auction 154 fine Persian Ruga and Carpets to cover money advanced for customs duties, &c. The assortments include some of the Orient's finest productions, in large and small sizes. Remember, every one must be sold to-day—it's your opportunity. Don't fail to attend this sale. C. G. Sloan & Co., Auctioneers, 1417 G st.

Flooring N. C. Heart, \$2.00 per 100 ft.

Only \$2.00 to Gettysburg or Pen Mar Decoration Day.

Special train leaves Washington 5:35 a. m. Returning leaves Gettysburg 5:35 p. m., Pen Mar 5:40 p. m. & to every resort.

Flooring, Very Pretty, \$2.00 per 100 ft.

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TWO MEN ASPHYXIATED.

Edward G. Haywood and Thomas E. Gleason Meet Accidental Deaths.

Edward G. Haywood, a clerk in the Pension Office, was found dead in bed yesterday morning by Mrs. Catherine Carusi, with whom he boarded at 1113 P street northwest. The gas jet in the room was turned on, but Corner Nevitt, who was summoned, gave a certificate of accidental death, as he found that heart disease was mainly responsible.

Thomas E. Gleason, sixty-six years, was the basis of the second coroner's case of the morning. Gleason was found early yesterday morning in his room with both gas jets turned on, but as it was demonstrated that they were poorly adjusted, a certificate of accidental death was given. Gleason was a machinist, and had been employed for thirty years by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. He is survived by two sons and two daughters, all of whom live in this city. The funeral arrangements have not been made.

JUDGMENT AGAINST DICK.

Money Lended to Ohio Senator for Campaign Purposes.

Special to The Washington Herald. Akron, Ohio, May 27.—Judgment for \$18,550 on a promissory note was entered in Common Pleas Court here to-day against Senator Charles F. Dick and his law partner, L. C. Miles. The note was given originally to M. W. Hissey, one of the late Senator Hanna's lieutenants in Southern Ohio, for money loaned to Dick and Miles for campaign purposes.

Hissey filed the petition without record some time ago, attempting to force payment by threat of publicity. The defendants ignored it, and Hissey sold the note to the Exchange Bank, of Manassas, Va., in whose favor to-day's judgment was entered.

FLOWER SECURES FREEDOM.

Alleged Swindler, Who Secured a Million Dollars, Blocks Courts.

Philadelphia, May 27.—Dr. Richard C. Flower, charged with swindling New York out of \$1,000,000 by fake mining stocks, and suspected of clearing himself of much more out of other sections of the country, has succeeded in keeping himself free from New York extradition proceedings as long practically as he wishes.

The Supreme Court to-day allowed an appeal from the Superior Court's decision, which permitted Flower's release pending the proceedings to have him extradited to New York for trial there.

The Superior Court appeal was couched in just that way to permit the present ruling by the Supreme Court, which indefinitely blocks all efforts to get Flower back to New York.

SNOW FALLING IN MICHIGAN

Worst Storm in Years Ties Up Shipping on the Lakes.

Vessels Hunt Shelter and Street Car Companies Run Snow Sweepers the Same as in Winter.

Detroit, Mich., May 27.—Michigan is in the grasp of one of the worst May storms in the history of the State. From violent rains and lightning storms of Saturday and Sunday, the weather has turned cold, and in many parts of the State, particularly in the north and west portions, snow has fallen to a great extent. At Sault Ste. Marie nothing like the present snow and wind storms was ever known at this time of the year. There are six inches of snow there, more falling, and no signs of abating. All the shipping there is tied up, and all street cars are running snow sweepers the same as in midwinter. The damage will be heavy.

No one can remember a worse May storm than the one experienced at Mackinac to-day. The snow, which started to fall yesterday, is being driven by a forty-mile gale. Vessels are seeking shelter wherever possible. Reports from the fruit belt are very discouraging.

Lightning Hits Flagpole.

New York, May 27.—Lightning struck the flagstaff on the top of the fourteen-story building at 35 Broadway in the afternoon. The lightning struck the flagstaff and some had headaches from the effect of the lightning.

MICHIGAN FOR ROOSEVELT.

State Senate "Resolves" for Second Elective Term.

Lansing, May 27.—Senator Kinnear introduced the following resolution to-day, which passed the senate with a vote of 15 to 10:

"Be it resolved by the senate, that the best interests of the people of Michigan demand the successful encouragement of the great public measures which have been and are being inaugurated by the present national administration, demand the nomination and re-election of Theodore Roosevelt for a second elective term to the Presidency of the United States."

HAVILANDS SAIL TO-DAY.

Young Son of China King Reconciled to Beautiful Bride.

New York, May 27.—Having become reconciled with his girl bride, after the first lovers' quarrel, young Guy Haviland, his wife, and Mrs. Thomas W. Cridler, her mother, will meet in New York to-morrow and sail for Europe, to show millionaire Papa Haviland there that he has really no excuse in the world for disturbing his son on account of the clandestine marriage.

The pilgrimage to the shrine of the \$200,000,000 chinaware king at Limoges means many millions to the schoolboy husband and his schoolboy wife. To be on hand, they are hurrying on to New York from Boston. Young Haviland is very confident of bringing "his governor" to terms.

"When he sees my wife he'll welcome her as his daughter, and do the right thing by me," he says.

Haviland, pere, has cabled Guy's older brother that he must get the guy husband away and start him at once for Limoges on pain of disinheritance.

Gov. Little Dying.

Fort Smith, Ark., May 27.—Gov. John R. Little, who on Saturday night suffered an attack of heart failure, is said to be dying to-night. His condition indicated that he could not long survive.

Only \$2.00 to Gettysburg or Pen Mar

Decoration Day.